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STANLEY.

BY JOHN V. L. COOPER.
On the execution of Stanley, from a Picture by F. Meyer.

Execution the moment when the condemned soldier kneels to receive the fire of the party appointed to his executioners. His friend, and the priest, are seen retiring. His dog, whom he is endeavouring to shake off, still laves upon him, and seems desirous to share his fate.

His doom has been decreed,
And on his fatal deed,
And its forfeit is here to abide,
No mercy now can save,
They have dug the soldier's grave,
And the hapless and the brave
Kneels there.

No language wraps his eye,
He is kneeling there to die,
Unaided, unaided, alone;
His parting prayer has ceased,
And his contrite, and the priest,
From their gloomy task released,
— Both are gone!

His kindred are not near,
The fatal shot to hear,
They can but weep the deed when 'tis done,
They would shrink, and wail, and pray,
It is good for him to-day
That his friends are far away,
— All but the dog!

In vain, but still despair,
The faithful hound is there;
He has reached his master's side with a spring,
On the hand which he has held,
Till that hand is cold and dead,
— He will cling.

What art, in love or hate,
That can now save his fate?
From the side of his master and friend,
He has torn his coat in vain;
To the arm which strives in vain
To repel him, he will strain
— To the end.

The tear-drops which shall blame,
Though I die the veteran's sin,
Though each heart beat the line leave the sigh,
Yet 'twere cruel now to save,
And together in the grave,
The faithful and the brave,
— Let them lie.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

It was nearly eleven when I embarked for the first time in the *Bellerophon*, of eighty guns, and joined the fleet of Cadiz, under the command of Lord Nelson, in the early part of October, 1805. On the 19th of that month, the appearance of a ship under a press of sail, steering for the fleet, and firing guns, excited our attention, and every glass was eagerly pointed towards the stranger, in anticipation of the intelligence which the returning ship would announce; "that the enemy was getting under weigh." The signal was instantly made for a general chase, and in a few minutes all sail was set by the delighted crew. An instance of the quick observation of the admiral which now occurred in deserving notice. It was his long-cherished custom to paint the masts of his ship yellow, and the hoops of the same color; and the black, under the command of the admiral of France and Spain, he saw the advantage which might arise from the distinction; he therefore adapted to us, and a few others to conform to his system. This arrangement proved of great utility, for in situations where the enemy was shot away, or hid from view, it was only necessary to ascertain that the hoops were black to be certain of our opponent. Our headmost ships got sight of the combined fleet the next morning, and in the afternoon they were visible from the deck. Every preparation was made for battle; and as our look-out squadron remained close to them during the night, the mind was kept in continual agitation by the firing of guns and rockets.

As the day dawned, the horizon appeared covered with ships; the whole force of the enemy was discovered standing to the southward, distant about nine miles, between us and the coast near Trafalgar. I was awakened by the cheering of the crew, and by their rushing up the hatchways to get a glimpse of the hostile fleet. The delight manifested exceeded any thing I ever witnessed; surpassing even those gratulations, when our headmost ships were discovered after a long period of absence.

There was a light air from the N.W. with a heavy swell. The signal to bear up and make all sail, and to form the order of sailing in two divisions was thrown out; the *Victory*, Lord Nelson's ship, leading the starboard, and the *Royal Sovereign*, bearing the flag of Admiral Collingwood, led the second in command, the *Law* in the van. At eight, the enemy were to the northward, and in the light wind which prevailed during the day, they were prevented from forming with any precision, and presented the appearance of a whole line converging to leeward. At nine, about six miles from them, with standing on both sides, and as our progress never exceeded a mile and a half an hour, we continued all the while to be within gun-shot of the enemy. The only means of bringing our battery towards the enemy was to use the sweeps in the gun-room ports. To these we had recourse, but without effect, for even in ships under perfect command they prove almost useless; and we lay a mere hulk covered in wreck, and rolling with the swell. At this hour a three-decked ship was seen steering towards us. It can easily be imagined with what anxiety every eye was turned towards this formidable object, which would either relieve us from our unwelcome neighbours, or render our situation desperate.

We had scarcely seen the British colours since one o'clock; and it is impossible to express our emotion at the alteration of the stranger's course displayed the white ensign to our sight; but we were too confident in our expectation of support; for although she approached near enough to discern the British colours on the stump of our main-mast, she took a different direction. We did not, however, continue much longer in this dilemma, for the *Swiftsure* came nobly to our relief. Can any enjoyment in life be compared with the sensation of delight, and thankfulness which such a deliverance produced? It was like the transition from death to life; and the features so long distorted by anxiety softened into an expression of placidity and gratitude. On ordinary occasions we contemplate the grandeur of a ship under sail, with admiration; and even to those whose profession makes them familiar with such scenes, this wonderful production of art seldom fails to attract general notice. But under impressions of danger and excitement, such as prevailed at this crisis, every one eagerly looked towards our approaching friend, who came speedily on; and when within hail, manned

that of Spain. The drum now repeated the summons; and the captain sent for the officers commanding the several quarters. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have only to say that I shall pass close under the stern of that ship; put in two round shot, and then a grape, and give her that. Now go to your duty, and mind not to fire till each gun will bear with effect." With this laconic instruction, the gallant little man posted himself on the side of the foremost carronade, on the starboard side of the quarter-deck. At forty-five minutes past eleven, a ship, ahead, opened her fire, and finding that her shot passed over the *Sovereign*, several others did the same; and from the peculiar formation of this part of their line, as many as ten ships brought their broadsides to bear with powerful effect. The determined and resolute countenance of the weatherbeaten sailor, here and there brightened by a smile of exultation, was well suited to the terrific appearance which they exhibited; some were stripped to the waist; some had bared their necks and arms; others had tied a handkerchief round their heads; and all seemed eagerly to await the order to engage. My two brother officers and myself were stationed, with about thirty men at small arms stationed at the poop, on the front of which I was now standing. The shot began to pass over us, and gave us intimation of what we should in a few minutes undergo. An awful silence prevailed in the ship, only interrupted by the commanding voice of Capt. H. "Steady! starboard a little steady, so!" echoed by the master, directing the quarter-masters at the wheel.

A shriek soon followed; a cry of agony was produced by the next shot; the loss of the head of a poor recruit was the effect of the succeeding; and as we advanced, destruction rapidly increased. A severe confusion in the breast now protested our captain, but he soon resumed his command. Those only who have been in a similar situation to the one I am attempting to describe, can have a correct idea of such a scene; my eyes were horror-struck at the bloody corpses around me, and my ears rang with the shrieks of the wounded and the moans of the dying. At this moment, seeing that almost every eye was lying down, I was half disposed to follow the example, and several times stooped for the purpose; but—and I remember the impression well—a certain monitor seemed to whisper, "Stand up, and do not shrink from your duty." Turning round, my much esteemed and gallant senior fixed my attention: the serenity of his countenance, and the composure with which he paced the deck, drove more than his words away; and, joining him, I became somewhat infused with his spirit, which cheered me on to set the part it became me.

My experience is an instance how much depends on the example of those in command when exposed to the fire of the enemy, more particularly in the trying situation in which we were placed for nearly thirty minutes, from not having the *Swiftsure* to our aid.

It was just twelve o'clock when we reached their line. Our energies became roused, and the mind diverted from its appalling condition, by the order of "stand to your guns!" which, as they successively came to bear, were discharged into our opponents on either side; but the *Swiftsure*, under the command of the *Santa Anna*, of one hundred and twelve guns, on attention was more strictly called to that ship. Although, until that moment, we had not fired a shot, our sails and rigging bore evident proofs of the manner in which we had been treated: our main-top-mast was shot away, and the ensign had been twice rebent; numbers lay dead on the decks, and eleven wounded were in the surgeon's care. The firing was now tremendous; and at intervals the dispersion of the smoke gave us a sight of the colours of our adversaries. At this critical period, while steering to the stern of the *Indomitable*, which continued a most gallant firing on us, the *Fougeux* being on our starboard quarter, and the *Spanish Monarch* on our larboard bow, the mainmast earnestly addressed the captain— "Shall we go through, sir?" "Go through, by God!" was his energetic reply; "there's your ship, sir; place me close along side of her." Our opponent defied this manœuvre by bearing away in a parallel course with us, within pistol shot. About one o'clock the *Fougeux* ran on board the *Spanish Monarch*, and the combat was engaged until the latter dropped astern: our main-top-mast soon went, and shortly afterwards the main-top-mast. A two-decked ship took a position on our bow; and a seventy-four, the *Achille*, on our quarter. At two o'clock the mainmast fell over the larboard side, and at half past the foremast was shot away close to the deck. In this unengaged state we were but seldom capable of annoying our antagonists, while they had the power of choosing their distance; and every shot from them did considerable execution. We had suffered severely, as must be supposed; and those on the poop were now ordered to assist at the quarter-deck guns, where we continued until the action ceased. I was under the break of the poop, aiding in running out a carronade, when a cry of "steer clear there, here it comes," made me look up; and at that instant the main-mast fell over the bulwarks just above me. This ponderous mass made the ship's whole frame shake, and had it taken a central direction, it would have gone through the poop, and added many to our list of sufferers. Until half-past three we remained in this harassing position; the only means of bringing our battery towards the enemy was to use the sweeps in the gun-room ports. To these we had recourse, but without effect, for even in ships under perfect command they prove almost useless; and we lay a mere hulk covered in wreck, and rolling with the swell. At this hour a three-decked ship was seen steering towards us. It can easily be imagined with what anxiety every eye was turned towards this formidable object, which would either relieve us from our unwelcome neighbours, or render our situation desperate.

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the rigging, cheered, and then boldly steered for the ship which had so long annoyed us: shortly after, the *Polphemus* took off the fire from the *Spaniard* on our bow.

It was near four o'clock when we ceased firing; but the action continued in the body of the fleet about three miles to windward. The van division of the enemy having tacked, it seemed that the fight was about to be renewed. Rear Admiral Dumasoir making off with four sail of the line to the southward in close order, passed within gun shot of us; and as we lay in a helpless and solitary situation, our apprehension was much relieved by seeing them proceed silently on their course. The *Argonaut*, of eighty guns, having surrendered, we sent an officer to take possession. He returned with her second captain, who stated her loss to amount to two hundred killed.

There are two periods in the life of a sailor which are impressive beyond all others in his eventful career: to the first I have alluded in the early part of my narrative, when each hoped to see his friend again; and now that the conflict was over, our kinder feelings resumed their sway. Eager inquiries were expressed, and earnest congratulations exchanged, at this joyful moment. The officers came to make their report to the captain, and the fatal result cast a gloom over the scene of our triumph. I have alluded to the impression of the first lieutenant, who had been severely wounded in the thigh, and underwent amputation; but his prediction was realized; for he expired before the action had ceased. The junior lieutenant was likewise mortally wounded on the quarter-deck. These gallant fellows were lying beside each other in the gun-room preparatory to their being committed to the deep; but he soon resumed the last look of his departed friends, whose remains soon floated in the promiscuous multitude, without distinction either of rank or nation. In the act of launching a poor sailor over the poop he was discovered to breathe; and after being a week in the hospital, the ball which entered the temple came out of his mouth. I notice this occurrence to show the probability that my eye thrown overboard when life is not extinct. The upper deck presented a confused and dreadful appearance. Masts, yards, sails, ropes, and fragments of wreck were scattered in every direction: nothing could be more horrible than the scene of blood and mangled remains with which every part was covered, and which, from the quantity of splinters, resembled a shipwright's yard strewn with go.

From our extensive loss, thirty-four killed and ninety-six wounded, our cock-pit exhibited a scene of suffering and carnage which rarely occurs. I visited this abode of suffering with the natural impulse which led many others thither, namely, to ascertain the fate of a friend or companion. So many bodies in such a confined place, and under such peculiar circumstances, would affect the most obdurate heart; my nerves were but little accustomed to such trials, but even the dangers of the battle did not seem more terrific than the spectacle before me. On a long table lay several anxiously looking for their turn to receive the surgeon's care, yet dreading the fate which he might pronounce. One subject was undergoing amputation, and every part was heaped with sufferers. Their piercing shrieks and expiring groans were echoed through this vault of misery; and even at this distant period the heart-ackening picture is alive in my memory.

What a contrast to the hilarity and enthusiastic mirth which reigned in this spot the preceding evening! At all other times the cockpit is the region of conviviality and good-humour, for here it is that the happy midshipman reside, at whose board neither discord nor care interrupt the social intercourse. But a few short hours since, on these benches, which were now covered with mutilated remains, sat these scenes of their country's glory, who hailed the contest as the conflict with cheerful confidence, and each told his story to beguile the anxious moments, the younger ones eagerly listening to their experienced associates; and all united in the toast of "May we meet again at this hour tomorrow!" I have heard some men say, that they have not felt any thing like fear at the near approach of battle. Such stoicism may exist; but the heart is not so easily subdued. The cock-pit is the theatre of our nature; and but candour must own that a struggle generally takes place between our sentiments of duty and honour, and that natural feeling which makes us shudder at impending danger. Truly and beautifully has a distinguished writer observed:

"The brave man is not he who feels no fear, but he whose heart is so firm that he can conquer it. But he, whose noble soul is full of sublimity, and bravely dares the danger that shrinks from."

About five o'clock the officers assembled in the captain's cabin to take some refreshment. The parching effects of the smoke made this a welcome summons, as though comfort was the object of our destination. This enjoyment, near as it appeared, was again interrupted by a cry of "A sail a-head!" The next report, that "she looked large," was soon confirmed by "A ship of the line!"

The consciousness of our own weakness magnifies every object of terror, and blinds us to the resources that may be still at our disposal. "The stranger must," it was supposed, "be the *clou de la victoire*, which occupied to the southward;" and so confidently did the captain believe it, that a consultation was held, when it was resolved to destroy the battered hulk, and make our escape in the frigate. Preparations to carry this decision into effect were about to commence, when the private signal dispersed our hasty fears; and we then recollected that Admiral Lord Nelson had gone to Tetuan for water.

The rock opened to our view about eleven. On the preceding evening the governor received information of the defeat of the combined fleet by a market-boat, which had been present; and in honour of the victory he directed a salute to be fired by the garrison. When we arrived near our anchorage, the battery of the Devil's Tongue commenced firing, and a *feu de joie* followed along the line: each ship manned her yards and cheered as we passed; and our entrance in the Mole was very gratifying. Crowds of every class came to greet and congratulate us; and although so jealous a rivalry then existed between the two services, that scarcely an officer of the line came on board, we experienced much attention from those of the royal artillery, and some of us partook of their hospitable fare. The contrast of our ship's present appearance, with the bright sides and the majestic beauty which marked her proud course a few days before, was very striking to an indifferent observer: to those who felt identified, as it were, with her fortunes, the reflection of her helpless condition, and the honourable scars she bore, made a grateful and lasting impression. We had endured danger and suffering, but we had triumphed.

Disabled ships continued to arrive for several days, bringing with them the only four prizes that were rescued from the fury of the late gale. The anchorage became covered with ships. In the mole lay six dismantled hulks, whose battered sides, dismantled guns, and shattered ports, presented unequivocal evidence of the brilliant part they had taken in the gloriously contested battle; a little beyond, the more recently arrived lay at their anchors. At this proud moment no shout of exultation was heard, no joyous felicitations were exchanged, for the lowered flag which waved on the *Victory's* mast marked where the mourned hero lay, and cast a deepening shade over the triumphant scene. The exertion which was necessary to reef the ships did not however purport the mind to dwell on this melancholy subject. In a few days several were ready to proceed home; and on the 4th of November, the *Victory* and ourselves bent our course for England. As we were the first who took the returns of our killed and wounded, nothing was known of our loss by our friends until our arrival, although several ships had preceded us. Their suspense can be imagined; for the anxious inquirer only knew that we had suffered severely. Each day our protracted arrival increased their solicitude, hoping, yet dreading, as the eager eye watched the signal that announced approaching ships. At length we reached our destination, and arrived in Plymouth Sound on the 4th of December. Boats innumerable floated round us with flags expressive of the torturing anxiety which was felt; and a moment ensued of such boundless joy to many, and bitter agony to others, that no pen can describe it; it would have wrung the most callous heart.

I could not bear to hear the effusion of grief which burst from the childless parent, or witness the sorrow of brotherly tenderness, and I hastened to the affectionate embraces of my own family.—Bijou.

From Mill's History of Chivalry.

KNIGHTLY ARMOUR, AND THE DAGGER OF MERCY.

The only way by which death could be inflicted was by thrusting a lance through the small holes of the vizor. Such a mode of death was not very common, for the cavalier always bent his face almost to the saddle-bow when he charged. The knight however, might be unhorsed in the shock of the two adverse lines, at the mercy of the foe who was left standing. But how to kill the human being, enclosed in the rolling mass of steel, was the question; and the armourer therefore invented a thin dagger, which could be inserted between the plates. This dagger was called the dagger of mercy, apparently a curious title, considering it was the instrument of death; but in truth, the laws of chivalry obliged the conqueror to show mercy, if when the dagger was drawn, the prostrate foe yielded himself, rescue or no rescue.

Froissart's pages furnish us with an interesting tale, descriptive of the general chivalric custom regarding the dagger of mercy. About the year 1390, the lord of Langurante, in Gascony, rode forth with forty spears and approached the English fortress called Gadihal. He placed his company in ambush, and said to them, "Sir, tarry you still here, and I will go and ride to yonder fortress alone, and see if any one will issue out against us." He then rode to the barriers of the castle, and desired the keeper to show to Bernard Courant, their captain, how that the lord of Langurante was there, and desired to joust a course with him. "If he be so good a man, and so valiant in arms as it is said, continued the challenger, I will not refuse it for his lady's sake; if he do, it shall turn him to much blame, for I shall report it wheresoever I go, that for cowardice he hath refused to run with me one course with a spear."

A squire of Bernard reported this message to his master, whose heart beginning to swell with ire, he cried, "Get me my harness, and saddle my horse; he shall not go refused." Incontinently he was armed, and mounted on his war steed, and taking his shield with a spear, he rode through the gate and the barriers into the open field. The lord Langurante seeing him coming was rejoiced, and couched his spear like a true knight, and so did Bernard. Their good horses dashed at each other, and their lances struck with such equal fierceness that their shields fell in pieces, and as they crossed, Bernard shouldered sir Langurante's horse in such a manner that the lord fell out of the saddle. Bernard turning his steed round, and as the lord Langurante was raising, his foe, who was a strong as well as a valiant squire, took his bacinet with both hands, and wrenching it from his head, cast it under his horse's feet. On seeing all this the lord of Langurante's men quitted their ambush, and were coming to the rescue of their master, when Bernard drew his dagger, and said to the lord, "Sir, yield you my prisoner, rescue or no rescue; or else you are but dead." The lord, who trusted to the rescue of men, spoke not a word; and Bernard then gave him a death blow on his forehead, and dashing spurs into his horse, he fled within the barriers.

After Alexander's last battle with Darius only sixty horsemen were able to keep up with him till he reached the enemy's camp. There they rode over the gold and silver that lay scattered about, and passing by a number of carriages full of women and children, which were in motion, but without charioteers, they hastened to the leading squadrons, not doubting that they should find Darius among them. At last, after much search, they found him extended on his chariot, and pierced with many darts. Though he was near his last moments, he had strength to ask for something to quench his thirst. A Macedonian, named Polystratus, brought him some cold water, and when he had drunk, he said, "Friend, this fills up the measure of my misfortunes, to think I am not able to reward thee for this act of kindness." But Alexander will not let thee

go without a recompense; and the gods will reward Alexander for his humanity to my mother, to my wife and children. Tell him I gave him my hand, for I give it thee in his stead." So saying he took the hand of Polystratus, and immediately expired. When Alexander came up, he showed his concern for that event, by the strongest expressions, and covered the body with his own robe.

SELECTION FROM
LATE ENGLISH JOURNALS.

EXTENSIVE SEIZURE OF BASE MONEY.—On Friday last, a box addressed to Mrs. Morton, 2, George-Loigh-street, Manchester, was forwarded to this town, by one of the Birmingham Coaches. From some suspicious circumstances attending the box itself, or the parties who delivered it at the coach-office, the superintendent of the Birmingham police thought it advisable to send Palmer, one of his officers, to take charge of it. As soon as the coach got to Manchester, and the box was safely deposited in the Royal Hotel coach-office, Palmer sent for Mr. Lavender, who, on his arrival, forced the box open, and found it to contain base coin, in half-crowns and shillings to the amount of £100. Mr. Lavender made a mark in his delivery book, and gave the vendor close the box again, and dispatched the coach-office porter to deliver it as directed; he and Palmer following close behind. The porter went to No. 2, George-Loigh-street, and a woman coming to the door, he asked her if Mrs. Morton lived there, she answered in the affirmative, and the porter said he had a box for her, the carriage of which was 3s. She paid him 3s., and made a mark in his delivery book, and gave her name Fanny Morton; not being herself able to write. The porter then came away, and Mr. Lavender went into the house, where he found the woman concealing the box beneath a bed. The account she gave to Mr. L. was, that she had undertaken to receive the box for a man whom she did not know, but who had been several times at her house with a girl. Mr. Lavender took her into custody, and these facts being sworn to against her before the magistrates on Saturday, she was committed to take her trial at the sessions.—It appears probable, from a circumstance which occurred subsequently to the apprehension of this woman, that her dealings had not been confined to base silver. On Saturday evening a paper parcel arrived at the Mosley Arms coach-office, by the Birmingham Express, directed for Mr. Lane, No. 2, George-Loigh-street. As it was late when the coach arrived, the parcel lay at the coach-office until Monday morning; when the porter went with it to No. 2, George-Loigh-street. Of course, he found on his arrival that the woman was not at home; but the owner of the house who lives close by, took in the parcel, and paid the carriage upon it. Knowing that the woman on which his friend had been taken into custody, he thought it very likely that the parcel which had thus come into his possession, might probably contain something improper; and as there were carried it once to the police office, and delivered it to Mr. Lane, he opened it, and found that it contained less than five hundred and thirty-two forged £5. Bank of England notes, in nominal value, £1100. These notes were quite damp, and evidently fresh from the plate; and they were all deficient in dates and signatures. The engraving is very well executed; and the water-mark on the paper is very well imitated, but the paper itself is deficient in that firmness of texture which genuine bank paper always possesses. If, however, the dates and signatures had been skillfully supplied, the notes would have passed for genuine with many persons who are in the habit of taking bank-paper.

Experiments have recently been made in Liverpool, for the purpose of burning smoke in locomotive engines; the result has been highly favorable, and no doubt now exists that this important machine will become subservient to all the purposes of railway conveyance, without any of those nuisances which previously rendered it so objectionable.

The quantity of rats which the neighbourhood of Bury is infested has become a very serious evil. The fields and hedge-rows swarm with these noxious vermin, and their ravages in the now-sown wheat and the turnips have been very considerable. Upon one farm, near Bury, not less than two thousand have been killed, and upon another eight hundred since Michaelmas. It is the common practice of farmers to offer a bounty of two-pence each on the tails of rats, to all who may choose to bring them; and at this rate a number of persons have found ample employment. In consequence of the dryness of the autumn, the vermin have not yet taken shelter in the barns; but when they do, the mischief they will occasion, unless materially reduced in number, must be immense. One cause of this plague, for such it may be termed, has been the wet summer, always favourable to the multiplication of the species, but a still greater cause is the destruction of stints, weasels, polecats, and other animals naturally preying on the rat, for the purpose of preserving game, which thus becomes doubly injurious to the produce of agriculture.—Norwich Mercury.

SUICIDE.—Last Friday evening, the 10th instant, Robert Chapman, aged seventy years, went to the Coach and Horser, in Frodsham, about ten o'clock. He was then intoxicated, and had with him four greyhounds. He stated that he had lost two of his dogs, and expressed great anxiety at the loss. He wished to stay all night, and the landlord consented to his remaining in the tap-room. About six o'clock on the following morning, the brewer went in and opened the window-shutters, and found that the old man had strangled himself with a wetted towel, and a bench in the room. The coroner's jury, under the circumstances, brought in a verdict, "that the deceased died of apoplexy, and a fit of mortal anxiety and despondency, owing to drunkenness and the loss of his dogs."

THE PARAGON OF JOES.—"Fray," said Lutterell to Sam Rogers, the other day, "what is the best joke you ever saw in print?" "Why," said the English Norbury, "it was an advertisement in the *Herald* from the committee of the sinking fund, returning thanks for a donation of six pounds towards paying off the national debt!"

EXTRAORDINARY LEAK.—Some time ago our fellow-citizen, Mr. Robert Frost, was taken from off one of the cliffs of Moher, standing 272 feet, for a wager, and instantly swam to shore, a distance of 27 yards, without receiving the slightest injury. He immediately handed over the wager to the numerous parties who assembled on the occasion.—*Liverpool Evening Post.*

The following are details of a horrible murder recently committed at St. Lo, department of the Manche.—Marie Lebourcier was married at the

days, bringing with them the only four prizes that were rescued from the fury of the late gale. The anchorage became covered with ships. In the mole lay six dismantled hulks, whose battered sides, dismantled guns, and shattered ports, presented unequivocal evidence of the brilliant part they had taken in the gloriously contested battle; a little beyond, the more recently arrived lay at their anchors. At this proud moment no shout of exultation was heard, no joyous felicitations were exchanged, for the lowered flag which waved on the *Victory's* mast marked where the mourned hero lay, and cast a deepening shade over the triumphant scene. The exertion which was necessary to reef the ships did not however purport the mind to dwell on this melancholy subject. In a few days several were ready to proceed home; and on the 4th of November, the *Victory* and ourselves bent our course for England. As we were the first who took the returns of our killed and wounded, nothing was known of our loss by our friends until our arrival, although several ships had preceded us. Their suspense can be imagined; for the anxious inquirer only knew that we had suffered severely. Each day our protracted arrival increased their solicitude, hoping, yet dreading, as the eager eye watched the signal that announced approaching ships. At length we reached our destination, and arrived in Plymouth Sound on the 4th of December. Boats innumerable floated round us with flags expressive of the torturing anxiety which was felt; and a moment ensued of such boundless joy to many, and bitter agony to others, that no pen can describe it; it would have wrung the most callous heart.

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From Mill's History of Chivalry.

KNIGHTLY ARMOUR, AND THE DAGGER OF MERCY.

The only way by which death could be inflicted was by thrusting a lance through the small holes of the vizor. Such a mode of death was not very common, for the cavalier always bent his face almost to the saddle-bow when he charged. The knight however, might be unhorsed in the shock of the two adverse lines, at the mercy of the foe who was left standing. But how to kill the human being, enclosed in the rolling mass of steel, was the question; and the armourer therefore invented a thin dagger, which could be inserted between the plates. This dagger was called the dagger of mercy, apparently a curious title, considering it was the instrument of death; but in truth, the laws of chivalry obliged the conqueror to show mercy, if when the dagger was drawn, the prostrate foe yielded himself, rescue or no rescue.

Froissart's pages furnish us with an interesting tale, descriptive of the general chivalric custom regarding the dagger of mercy. About the year 1390, the lord of Langurante, in Gascony, rode forth with forty spears and approached the English fortress called Gadihal. He placed his company in ambush, and said to them, "Sir, tarry you still here, and I will go and ride to yonder fortress alone, and see if any one will issue out against us." He then rode to the barriers of the castle, and desired the keeper to show to Bernard Courant, their captain, how that the lord of Langurante was there, and desired to joust a course with him. "If he be so good a man, and so valiant in arms as it is said, continued the challenger, I will not refuse it for his lady's sake; if he do, it shall turn him to much blame, for I shall report it wheresoever I go, that for cowardice he hath refused to run with me one course with a spear."

A squire of Bernard reported this message to his master, whose heart beginning to swell with ire, he cried, "Get me my harness, and saddle my horse; he shall not go refused." Incontinently he was armed, and mounted on his war steed, and taking his shield with a spear, he rode through the gate and the barriers into the open field. The lord Langurante seeing him coming was rejoiced, and couched his spear like a true knight, and so did Bernard. Their good horses dashed at each other, and their lances struck with such equal fierceness that their shields fell in pieces, and as they crossed, Bernard shouldered sir Langurante's horse in such a manner that the lord fell out of the saddle. Bernard turning his steed round, and as the lord Langurante was raising, his foe, who was a strong as well as a valiant squire, took his bacinet with both hands, and wrenching it from his head, cast it under his horse's feet. On seeing all this the lord of Langurante's men quitted their ambush, and were coming to the rescue of their master, when Bernard drew his dagger, and said to the lord, "Sir, yield you my prisoner, rescue or no rescue; or else you are but dead." The lord, who trusted to the rescue of men, spoke not a word; and Bernard then gave him a death blow on his forehead, and dashing spurs into his horse, he fled within the barriers.

After Alexander's last battle with Darius only sixty horsemen were able to keep up with him till he reached the enemy's camp. There they rode over the gold and silver that lay scattered about, and passing by a number of carriages full of women and children, which were in motion, but without charioteers, they hastened to the leading squadrons, not doubting that they should find Darius among them. At last, after much search, they found him extended on his chariot, and pierced with many darts. Though he was near his last moments, he had strength to ask for something to quench his thirst. A Macedonian, named Polystratus, brought him some cold water, and when he had drunk, he said, "Friend, this fills up the measure of my misfortunes, to think I am not able to reward thee for this act of kindness." But Alexander will not let thee

go without a recompense; and the gods will reward Alexander for his humanity to my mother, to my wife and children. Tell him I gave him my hand, for I give it thee in his stead." So saying he took the hand of Polystratus, and immediately expired. When Alexander came up, he showed his concern for that event, by the strongest expressions, and covered the body with his own robe.

SELECTION FROM
LATE ENGLISH JOURNALS.

EXTENSIVE SEIZURE OF BASE MONEY.—On Friday last, a box addressed to Mrs. Morton, 2, George-Loigh-street, Manchester, was forwarded to this town, by one of the Birmingham Coaches. From some suspicious circumstances attending the box itself, or the parties who delivered it at the coach-office, the superintendent of the Birmingham police thought it advisable to send Palmer, one of his officers, to take charge of it. As soon as the coach got to Manchester, and the box was safely deposited in the Royal Hotel coach-office, Palmer sent for Mr. Lavender, who, on his arrival, forced the box open, and found it to contain base coin, in half-crowns and shillings to the amount of £100. Mr. Lavender made a mark in his delivery book, and gave the vendor close the box again, and dispatched the coach-office porter to deliver it as directed; he and Palmer following close behind. The porter went to No. 2, George-Loigh-street, and a woman coming to the door, he asked her if Mrs. Morton lived there, she answered in the affirmative, and the porter said he had a box for her, the carriage of which was 3s. She paid him 3s., and made a mark in his delivery book, and gave her name Fanny Morton; not being herself able to write. The porter then came away, and Mr. Lavender went into the house, where he found the woman concealing the box beneath a bed. The account she gave to Mr. L. was, that she had undertaken to receive the box for a man whom she did not know, but who had been several times at her house with a girl. Mr. Lavender took her into custody, and these facts being sworn to against her before the magistrates on Saturday, she was committed to take her trial at the sessions.—It appears probable, from a circumstance which occurred subsequently to the apprehension of this woman, that her dealings had not been confined to base silver. On Saturday evening a paper parcel arrived at the Mosley Arms coach-office, by the Birmingham Express, directed for Mr. Lane, No. 2, George-Loigh-street. As it was late when the coach arrived, the parcel lay at the coach-office until Monday morning; when the porter went with it to No. 2, George-Loigh-street. Of course, he found on his arrival that the woman was not at home; but the owner of the house who lives close by, took in the parcel, and paid the carriage upon it. Knowing that the woman on which his friend had been taken into custody, he thought it very likely that the parcel which had thus come into his possession, might probably contain something improper; and as there were carried it once to the police office, and delivered it to Mr. Lane, he opened it, and found that it contained less than five hundred and thirty-two forged £5. Bank of England notes, in nominal value, £1100. These notes were quite damp, and evidently fresh from the plate; and they were all deficient in dates and signatures. The engraving is very well executed; and the water-mark on the paper is very well imitated, but the paper itself is deficient in that firmness of texture which genuine bank paper always possesses. If, however, the dates and signatures had been skillfully supplied, the notes would have passed for genuine with many persons who are in the habit of taking bank-paper.

Experiments have recently been made in Liverpool, for the purpose of burning smoke in locomotive engines; the result has been highly favorable, and no doubt now exists that this important machine will become subservient to all the purposes of railway conveyance, without any of those nuisances which previously rendered it so objectionable.

The quantity of rats which the neighbourhood of Bury is infested has become a very serious evil. The fields and hedge-rows swarm with these noxious vermin, and their ravages in the now-sown wheat and the turnips have been very considerable. Upon one farm, near Bury, not less than two thousand have been killed, and upon another eight hundred since Michaelmas. It is the common practice of farmers to offer a bounty of two-pence each on the tails of rats, to all who may choose to bring them; and at this rate a number of persons have found ample employment. In consequence of the dryness of the autumn, the vermin have not yet taken shelter in the barns; but when they do, the mischief they will occasion, unless materially reduced in number, must be immense. One cause of this plague, for such it may be termed, has been the wet summer, always favourable to the multiplication of the species, but a still greater cause is the destruction of stints, weasels, polecats, and other animals naturally preying on the rat, for the purpose of preserving game, which thus becomes doubly injurious to the produce of agriculture.—Norwich Mercury.

SUICIDE.—Last Friday evening, the 10th instant, Robert Chapman, aged seventy years, went to the Coach and Horser, in Frodsham, about ten o'clock. He was then intoxicated, and had with him four greyhounds. He stated that he had lost two of his dogs, and expressed great anxiety at the loss. He wished to stay all night, and the landlord consented to his remaining in the tap-room. About six o'clock on the following morning, the brewer went in and opened the window-shutters, and found that the old man had strangled himself with a wetted towel, and a bench in the room. The coroner's jury, under the circumstances, brought in a verdict, "that the deceased died of apoplexy, and a fit of mortal anxiety and despondency, owing to drunkenness and the loss of his dogs."

THE PARAGON OF JOES.—"Fray," said Lutterell to Sam Rogers, the other day, "what is the best joke you ever saw in print?" "Why," said the English Norbury, "it was an advertisement in the *Herald* from the committee of the sinking fund, returning thanks for a donation of six pounds towards paying off the national debt!"

EXTRAORDINARY LEAK.—Some time ago our fellow-citizen, Mr. Robert Frost, was taken from off one of the cliffs of Moher, standing 272 feet, for a wager, and instantly swam to shore, a distance of 27 yards, without receiving the slightest injury. He immediately handed over the wager to the numerous parties who assembled on the occasion.—*Liverpool Evening Post.*

The following are details of a horrible murder recently committed at St. Lo, department of the Manche.—Marie Lebourcier was married at the

days, bringing with them the only four prizes that were rescued from the fury of the late gale. The anchorage became covered with ships. In the mole lay six dismantled hulks, whose battered sides, dismantled guns, and shattered ports, presented unequivocal evidence of the brilliant part they had taken in the gloriously contested battle; a little beyond, the more recently arrived lay at their anchors. At this proud moment no shout of exultation was heard, no joyous felicitations were exchanged, for the lowered flag which waved on the *Victory's* mast marked where the mourned hero lay, and cast a deepening shade over the triumphant scene. The exertion which was necessary to reef the ships did not however purport the mind to dwell on this melancholy subject. In a few days several were ready to proceed home; and on the 4th of November, the *Victory* and ourselves bent our course for England. As we were the first who took the returns of our killed and wounded, nothing was known of our loss by our friends until our arrival, although several ships had preceded us. Their suspense can be imagined; for the anxious inquirer only knew that we had suffered severely. Each day our protracted arrival increased their solicitude, hoping, yet dreading, as the eager eye watched the signal that announced approaching ships. At length we reached our destination, and arrived in Plymouth Sound on the 4th of December. Boats innumerable floated round us with flags expressive of the torturing anxiety which was felt; and a moment ensued of such boundless joy to many, and bitter agony to others, that no pen can describe it; it would have wrung the most callous heart.

I could not bear to hear the effusion of grief which

Sales at Auction.
BY GILLINGHAM, MITCHELL & CO.
127 MARKET STREET.

CARD.—Catalogues of the very desirable lot of fresh spring goods, to be sold to-morrow, will be ready for delivery, and the goods arranged for examination, to-day, at 127, Market Street. The principal part of the stores of Messrs. Gillingham, Mitchell & Co.

No. 127 Market Street. Among them will be found a very handsome assortment of tickers, style typewriters, Prints. Also, shirtings, dowsies, dimities, super muslins, muslins, super jacquets, rich worked robes, super broad and cambrics, black cambrics, super 6-4 books, black and colored lastings, drab and olive greeneries, mixt shirtings, super spring gowns, cotton hose, super blue broads, super muslins, London quiltings, black cambrizes, black twilled circassians, London pines, hexham tan gloves, plain and figured bombasties, super 4-4 mulls, 6-4 and 4-4 plain and figured books, super merced muslins, imitation shirtings, and figured books, super

PACKAGE SALE.
To-morrow morning, at 10 o'clock, on 6 months credit;
150 packages fresh imported Spring Goods.
Comprising a handsome assortment of reasonable arti-
cles.
They may be examined with the catalogues on Mon-
day at 12 o'clock, and on the morning of the sale.
PACKAGE SALE.

On Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock, to close sales,
200 packages domestic colored cotton goods.
Comprising every variety of goods manufactured in
his city and neighbourhood. They may be examined
with the catalogues, at the warehouse, in Franklin
Place, the day previous to the sale.

Smyrna Wool at Private Sale.
50 bales clean Smyrna Wool of superior quality.

BY R. F. ALLEN & CO.
TRADE

75 MARKET STREET.
DRY GOODS.
On Wednesday morning, at half past 9 o'clock, on a credit of 4 months,
75 packages fresh imported Dry Goods, consisting of
upper prints, pantaloons stripes, linen drills, worsted and
votter hosiery, bombazettes, bombazines, tartan plaids,
brown hollandas, colored linings, fresh linsens, cambric
sconet, and fancy muslins, figured and tambooured books,
Britannia bedfins, chintz shawls, Prussian do.

Also, 100 pieces superfine and low priced blue,
black, and fancy coloured cloths and cassimeres, anti-
sets, &c.
Also, 3 bales split rattans.

BY S. D. SAGERS & CO.
33 CHESTNUT STREET.

CARD.—The catalogues for this evening's Book
to be sent, per mail, to the following:

CARD.—S. D. Sagers & Co. inform the public that they have made arrangements for holding Public Sales of the contents of the Store No. 83 Chestnut-street, where all kinds of Household Furniture, will be received for public or private Sale, and cash advanced on Furniture deposited for public sale. No Storage will be charged on Furniture deposited for sale, until after the expiration of three months, unless advanced on, in which case all sales must be closed in 30 days.

PHILADELPHIA TRADE SALE.—The Solicitors respectfully inform the trade, that their Trade Sale

will take place on Friday and Saturday, the 13th and 14th of March next.

A great number of desirable invoices are already received, and the catalogue will be put to press on the 16th of this month, those who wish to have a place in the first volume, will please send them in without delay. Liberal advances in cash, made in anticipation of sales.

FRESH HARDWARE.

On to-morrow evening, at 7 o'clock, at the auction store.

A large assortment of hardware, viz: C. S. hand saws, 8, 10, 11 and 12 inch flat back and bow, cutters, and shoe knives, buck, buffalo and bone handles on knives, and cutters, razors, essential tools, best steel and self-joint knives and forks, buck handle cut's knives, one silver, steel razor and scissor. Ample terms cash.

cycles, fish hooks, double and single bordered tin trays and bread baskets, hair pins, hooks and eyes, silver eyed needles, gilt and plated coat and vest buttons, bone and suspender moulds, Scotch braces, with 12, 16, 24, 30, 36, 42, screw and pad augurs, toilet looking glasses, ritualistic clasps, steel purses, hat and shoe buckles, waist clasps, watch ribbands, pearl buttons, Britannia tea sets, tin and plain snuff boxes, ink stands, calf skin pocket cases, wallets, a general assortment of combs, Liverpool pen blades, shovel and tongs, gridirons, brass stair rods, plated snufflers and trays.

An invoice of fine Brazilian shell combs, 7 in. tooth combs, assorted sizes, in lots to suit purchasers.

Without reserve, 1 box of painted porcelain pipes, a beautiful article.

FURNITURE.

On Wednesday, 18th inst. at 11 o'clock, at No. 83 Chestnut-street, without reserve,

A variety of New and Second hand Furniture, on account of consigners,

2 sideboards, 3 bureaus, sofas, rush bottom and wicker

ook chairs, beds, bedsteads, mattresses, mantle and pie
oking glass, with a variety of kitchen utensils, &c.
Those who have new or second-hand furniture, which
they wish to get cash for, may avail of this opportunity,
by sending them to the store, at any time before the sale.

BOOKS FROM A LIBRARY.
This evening, February 10th, at half past 6 o'clock,
Children's History of England and Ireland. Doomsday

ilitary Dictionary, Stuart on the Mind, British and
ish Dictionary, Gentleman's Magazine, 7 vs. Impa-
al Magazine, Analytical Magazine, from 1788 to 1791,
vs. Ferguson's Lectures on Mechanics, &c. 3 vs.
ourney to London, 2 vs. Private Anecdotes of Napo-
on, Bennett's Roman Antiquities; Bell's Plays, 5 vs.

search's Lives, 5 va. Fletcher's Checks, 4 va. Mignet's French Revolution, Cook's Voyages, 4 va. London ed. numerous plates, calf extra, Ridgley's Body of Divinity, 3 va. Goldsmith's Animated Nature, 3 va. Goodman's Natural History, 3 va plates, Elegant Extracts, 2 va. n. Humphrey Clarke and Tales of the Genii, calf gilt; Orner's Illiad and Odyssay, 4 va. calf, French, Du-ros's Spanish Nature Displayed, 2 va. Fernando Sepulveda, Spanish, Hutton's Mathematics, 2 va. do. Tabla's

averty Novels, 43 vs. new ed. gilt, Arabian Nights, 6
gilt, Biography of the Signers of the Declaration of
Independence, 6 vs. all the plates, Shakespeare's Works,
the Illustrations, 5 Buck's Theological Dictionary,
2, Joseph Andrews, gilt, Lord Byron's Works, 8vo.
2 pressed ed. calf extra, 12 boxes Reeves and Wood-
ward's Water Colours, 3 and 4 rows, Tardy's French
and English Dictionary, Travelling Bachelet, 3 vs.
MEDICAL BOOKS.

Medical Recorder, from 1822 to 1828, plates, stereop.
Parr's Medical Dictionary, 3 vs. 4to, all the plates.
Paris on Diet, Parr's Military Surgery, 2 vs. Brown's
Elements of Medicine, Wistar's Anatomy, 2 vs. [Concise]
Chemistry, Reid on Nervous Affections, Good's Study
Medicine, 5 vs. Duncan on Consumption, Rush's
Works, 4 vs. Aberdeen's Commentaries, Rush's Lec-
tures, Calverphen's Family Physician, Horner's Practi-
cal Anatomy, Ure's Chemical Dictionary, 2 vs. Bell's
Engravings in the Nerves, Hunter on the Blood, 2 vs.
Bailey's Morbid Anatomy, Desault's Surgery, The Ho-

Also, books in quantities, to close invoices, viz:—10
Lodd's Beauties of Shakespeare, gilt, 10 Children of the
Obbey, 3 vs. 300 Murray's Reader, Second and Gram-
mar, 100 Watts' Psalms and Hymns, 25 Goldsmith's
100 Vols. of Poems.

Quills, 100 Shanon's Resolutions, 1st ed., 100 Walker's Spelling Books, best edition, 25 Walker's Pocket Dictionary, 5th, 100 Smiley's Arithmetic and Key, 10 vols., 12mo. calf extra, 10 do. Pocket do. do. 10 Life Franklin, boards, 25 Thompson's Seasons, 25 Pope's Works, 2 vs. 16 Lacon, 10 Cowper's Poems, 3 vs. 1000 Cassin Quills, 100 papers Counting House Book, 25 100 British Ink Papers, &c. Blank Books, Letter Paper, &c.

Marble Mantles and Slabs.
 On Wednesday, at the store, unless before sold at private
 sale,
 1 pair elegant black marble mantles, an entire new pair.
 Also, 10 marble slabs, for table tops, &c. 2 casho piece
 stone.
 Also, 10 pr. green Venetian blinds; 7 elegant pierced

enders; 1 coal grate and fender, &c.; 3 pair cast
in brass shovels and tongs; 10 superline blue and
red frock coats, fine work.

AT PRIVATE SALE.

A handsome pair of black marble Mantels, an en-
tirely new pattern, and best work.

Also, 2 casks pomice stone—will be sold low for cash.

Slip-On-Down-Method of Veneer.

FOR SALE.
A two story house, situated in
Walnut street, between Front and Second
streets. For particulars inquire of J. DOBLER, Not
ary Public, North Second street.
Feb. 24-47.

